

Gonna light up a candle (for the patron saint of jerks)

by OurLadyofPerpetualWallflowers

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Summary:

It's been a month of Thursdays since Billy's seen S. Harrington of Apartment C32 and it's making him a little crazy.

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Author's Note:

Uhhh, I wrote a sequel? Hope you like it. I may add more to this at some point but I make no promises.

It's been a month of Thursdays since Billy's seen S. Harrington of Apartment C32 and it's making him a little crazy.

He slouches against the building dejectedly and lights another cigarette, sneaking a glance at his watch at the same time.

6:43

Normally they'd be in the elevator by now, Harrington fussing with his tie, running a hand through that amazing hair, whiskey colored eyes tired and sunken. All of which should make him look like any other twenty-something heading home to a beer and a Netflix binge but somehow, to Billy, he just looks...

Delectable.

So every Thursday in the elevator Billy gets twenty minutes to look his fill before he goes home, gets drunk, and loses himself in dreams of plush lips and sun-speckled skin.

Every Thursday until a month ago, when a bad day had resulted in Harrington scowling in the small space, face clearly saying Somebody was going to get It.

Which only succeeded in making Billy wish he was the Someone and that It was Harrington's dick. That look had pushed Billy's buttons enough that hearing Harrington's voice yelling 'fuck' through his door had sent a spark of something wild through him. Which meant Billy had gone straight to his bedroom and screwed everything up for the cheap thrill of knowing Harrington could hear him.

For fuck's sake, Billy had gotten out the damn toys. He might as well have drilled a hole in the wall and shoved his dick through it.

He tosses his cigarette away and trudges inside, head down and hands shoved in his pockets as he waits for the elevator doors to open so he won't have to see his own reflection. The doors ding and he steps inside, jamming the button for the fifth floor a bit harder than is really necessary.

"Hold the elevator!"

Billy sighs and plants a booted foot between the metal doors, slouching back as they ding open and someone comes rushing in with bags of groceries.

"Floor?" Billy asks with another sigh. He might be an asshole who thinks with his dick more than he should but he's not completely useless.

"Oh."

The word's breathed out and Billy's gaze snaps up and onto a pair of wide whiskey colored eyes. *Harrington*.

"H-hey."

"Uh, hey." The elevator dings open at the fifth floor and they hesitantly step out into the hallway.

"I -" Billy rolls his shoulders and frantically tries to think of something to say. "Been missing you." He winces and feels like punching something.

"Yeah. Yeah, me too." Harrington's eyes flick towards him then away. "I've been working a lot, so I can take next week off."

"Oh." Billy feels something perk up inside him, like a dog hearing a can open. "Going on a trip?"

They reach their doors and stand there for a minute, Billy's keys digging into his palm where he's clenched his fist.

"No!" Harrington almost yells, voice sharp before he visibly calms himself back down, throat working as he swallows. "I mean, no, just taking some vacation, gonna hang around the house, watch too much

TV.”

“That’s,” Billy can feel himself brightening at the idea of a week filled with the knowledge that Harrington is just on the other side of the wall. Of maybe seeing him in the morning as he heads to work, sleepy eyed and soft and-Jesus, *Hargrove, he's not your boyfriend!*

“That’s cool.”

Billy forces himself to turn away, to feel the tension and nerves that Harrington is radiating and do the right thing by allowing him to get away from the creep who basically used him as a sex aid without asking. “Well, have a good one, Harrington.”

“You know my name?”

Way to not look like a creeper, you fucking idiot!

“I saw it on the mail slot. I’m not-“ Billy refuses to turn around, doesn’t want to see the look on his face, doesn’t want to see fear or anger or anything. “I’m not stalking you or some shit. Look I’m sorry, I shouldn’t done that thing and I’m never gonna talk to you again, okay? So don’t worry about it.”

He opens his door, already tasting the vodka hidden at the back of the freezer that he’s going to drown himself in just as soon as he can, when Harrington’s voice stops him in his tracks.

“What if I asked you to?”

Billy slowly turns around to see Harrington’s face flush a rosy pink.

“Not the stalking me part but the-the other part. The talking part.”

Billy makes a mental note to put an extra couple bucks in the collection plate next Sunday because it looks like someone upstairs might be feeling bad for him. He takes a step towards Harrington, close enough that his jacket brushes the bags Harrington is still holding.

“You mean talking in general or...talking like the other night talking?”

Harrington blows out a breath and shifts on his feet, hair falling into his eyes as he glances around before leaning just a bit closer.

“Both?”

Billy gets hard so fast he has to blink away spots. Forget pushing buttons, apparently Harrington can control Billy’s libido with his brain. He can feel his mouth sliding into a grin, tongue working over the edge of his teeth, fingers twitching with the urge to do way more than talk.

“Beautiful, I’d do anything you asked me to.”

Harrington’s eyes darken, white teeth biting down on his bottom lip as he looked at Billy for a long moment.

“In that case,” He takes a step back against his door and looks pointedly at the bags he was still carrying. “Can you give me a hand?”

Billy’s about to offer him both hands, his mouth, and any other body part he took a shine to as Harrington continues, face pinking up again.

“My keys are in my front pocket.”

Billy shudders. The words ‘front pocket’ had never been so erotic in the history of the world. Harrington shifts, hips pushing forward so Billy can reach his waist.

“Jesus Christ.” Billy whispers even as he crowds Harrington, hooking his fingers in one pocket and tugging, tilting Harrington’s hips more until he’s resting all his weight on his shoulders, back against the door. “God, you have any idea what you look like right now?”

Harrington’s breathing heavy, eyes hooded as the tip of his tongue peeks out to wet his lips.

“Tell me.”

Billy presses the backs of his fingers into his body, warmth seeping through denim but still keeping him from touching skin.

“Like you’re just waiting for somebody to come take care of you. Worship you.” They were close, tips of Billy’s boots nudging Harrington’s sneakers but the bags in Harrington’s arms keep Billy from pressing his whole body up against him and just burrowing into his lean strength. “You look like a damn dream. I wanna-”

Billy’s fingers touch something warm and firm through the fabric. “Fuck, is that-?”

Harrington moans, head falling against the door with a thump as Billy squeezes the length of his cock as best he can.

“Shit!” Harrington hisses under his breath and Billy loses all hope of doing anything but dropping to his knees and getting his mouth on Harrington through his jeans. So he does just that.

“What are you-Oh god, somebody could see you, oh-oh my fucking god.” Billy mouths at the thick line of Harrington through the fabric, inhaling the musky scent of him and letting his fingers dig into the swells of his ass.

Harrington groans again, breathing harsh and heavy above him and there’s a faint sound as a set of keys falls from his hand.

He had them the whole time.

It’s Billy’s turn to groan, low and desperate as he nuzzles into Harrington’s groin, barely aware of the words falling from his mouth. He’s never been this gone this fast before, never been this deep into whatever the hell this is.

“Want you so bad. For weeks. ‘s been driving me crazy.”

A much larger sound echoes in the hallway as a bag of canned goods hits the floor. Harrington tangles a hand in Billy’s curls and tugs his face back to look up at him.

“God baby, you can have whatever you want but not here.”

Billy whines, honest to god whines. It’s mortifying and if it weren’t for the fingers in his hair and the ass under his palms he’d be looking for the nearest exit. But the words make sense, and suddenly his

knees are aching and his pants are too tight and he remembers that they're in the middle of the hallway where anybody could go by.

"Jesus Christ, yeah, yeah we should—" Billy gets to his feet, swaying a bit from the head rush, and Harrington's free hand snakes around his waist to hold him up. They breath there for a minute and find themselves staring at each other. Harrington smiles sheepishly.

"Hi."

Billy chuckles, leering good-naturedly back at the oddity of the situation.

"Hey there."

"Not to give you any wrong ideas about what we were doing before, cause that was great, but uh," Harrington's tongue came out to wet his lips again, a flash of white teeth mesmerizing to see up close. "You wanna come in for some dinner? There's burgers in these bags somewhere."

Billy didn't reply right away. Honestly he'd be content to spend the evening leaning against S. Harrington of C23 without a single regret. But dinner does sound nice. And dessert sounds even better. Provided they eat it *in bed*. He nods finally and relief flashed across Harrington's face.

"I've got some beer if you want." Billy gestured towards his own door and Harrington smiled, wide and pleased and shit, Billy is in so much fucking trouble.

They finally step apart, Harrington grabbing his keys and wrestling his bags inside as Billy stands there staring. Harrington catches him looking and rests a hand on his hip, long fingers almost pointing at the still noticeable bulge in his jeans.

"You gonna stand there all night?"

"Maybe." Billy shrugs. "View's pretty nice."

Harrington blushes again, bites his lip again, makes Billy wanna kiss him again and again and again.

“I could say the same about you. Especially on your knees.” He whispers it low and Billy swears as he steps over the wrong threshold, kicking the door shut after himself, hands too busy reaching for pale skin and dark hair and eyes like a Saturday morning spent in bed.

Their mouths meet in a sloppy kiss and Harrington tastes like coffee and chocolate and cinnamon gum and yeah, okay, he basically tastes like something amounting to *mouth* but it’s *Harrington’s mouth* and Billy wants more.

He’s dimly aware of them moving, tries to take shuffling steps so he doesn’t trip even as he pulls and yanks on Harrington’s stupidly attractive button down until he reaches skin right as Harrington breaks the kiss.

“Wait-fuck, don’t-“ He recaptures Billy’s lips, tilting his head to sweep his tongue over Billy’s teeth, before pulling back again, hands pressing against Billy’s shoulders as he catches his breath.

“Shit just-I don’t,” He chuckles helplessly. “I don’t even know your name!”

Harrington’s laughter bubbles over and Billy grins back for no other reason than a beautiful boy is laughing at him. They lean against each other in the doorway and Billy doesn’t know how he got here, how he went from jerking off to an almost blowjob to basically hugging a laughing Harrington in his apartment while his hard on pulses in his jeans but he doesn’t care. Fuck, he’s gonna put a whole goddamn twenty in that collection plate and a bottle of Jack to go with it.

“Billy.” He says finally. “I’m Billy.”

“Billy.” Harrington smiles and rolls the name around in his mouth as he starts walking again, tugging Billy into his bedroom by the hips.

“I’m Steve.” He adds and of course he is. He looks like a Steve. He looks like a Steven with a V who became Steve the moment he hit middle school resulting in far too many notebooks covered in doodles of Mrs. Steve Harrington.

Billy wonders if he has a notebook somewhere.

They hit the edge of the bed and fall onto it in a graceless tangle and Steve is laughing again and Billy wants to kiss him. Wants to taste that laughter so he does. Again it tastes like mouth but it's Harrington's-Steve's-mouth and it's Billy's new favorite flavor of everything.

Strong hands are on his hips, shoving his threadbare Metallica shirt up his back, worming their way under his jeans to grip his ass. Steve moans at the feel of bare skin and rocks his hips up even as Billy grinds down, spreading his legs to get his cock lined up just right against the hard press of Steve's still trapped against his thigh in his dress slacks.

"Come on, I wanna—" Steve breaks the kiss but turns his head and gives Billy room to suck harshly at the cords in his neck. Billy sinks his teeth in and Steve's hips buck up, thrusting against his own. "Tell me what you thought about that night you... I wanna hear you come again, baby, come on please."

Billy shudders and obeys, grinds down harder, friction from his zipper bordering on painful as he pants and moans and pours out a personal porn soundtrack into Steve's ear.

"God you feel so good. I wanted you the moment I saw you, in the elevator? You looked so hot. Wanted to drop down and get my mouth around you right there, right away, fuck."

He can feel his orgasm barreling towards him, feels pleasure arching up his spine, and he shoves it back, shoves himself back to straddle Steve with his hands on his chest, fingers bunching up his crisp white shirt as he rolls his hips down in a tortuous mockery of what he'd been thinking about that night he got himself off to thoughts of Steve.

"Thought about you fucking my face, making me choke on your dick, swallow your cum. Thought about this." He grinds down harder for emphasis. Steve's wide-eyed and open mouthed beneath him, hands gripping his hips, steadyng his movements. Billy can feel Steve's cock under his ass even trough two pairs of pants, can tell it's a

monster and it sends arousal spiking through him even more.

“About riding you, fucking myself on your cock, feeling you come in me.” Steve’s thrusts are erratic now, moans falling from his lips, and Billy leans down to whisper in his ear.

“Thought about cleaning you up after, just to taste you again. Fuck, I’d do anything you wanted, anything at all, pretty boy.”

Steve shakes apart under him, and Billy follows him down.